So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage; and that all the walles
With painted Imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserve thee, welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Bespake them thus: I thanke you Countri-men;
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaves the stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowle on *Richard*; no man cride, God save him;
No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subjects now,
Whose State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*.

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now;
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty in the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne; who are the Violets now,
That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God

God knowes, I had as lieve be
Yor. Well, beare you well in
Least you be crept before you
What news from Oxford?
Aum. For ought I know my
Yor. You will be there I kn
Aum. If God prevent not,
Yor. What seale is that that
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let m
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothin
Yor. No matter then who
I will be satisfied, let me see th
Aum. I do beseech your Gra
It is a matter of small consequ
VVhich for some reasons I wo
Yor. VVhich for some reas
I feare, I feare.
Dut. VVhat should you fe
'Tis nothing but some Bond, th
For gay apparell against the
Yor. Bound to himselfe? wh
That he is bound to? wife, yo
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I doe beseech you par
Yor. I will be satisfied, let me
Treason, foule treason, villaine
Dut. VVhat's the matter, m
Yor. Hoa, who's within ther
Heaven for his mercy what trea
Dut. Why, what is't my
Yor. Give me my boots, I say
Now by my honour, my life, m
I will appeach the villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yor. Peace foolish woman.
Dut. I will not peace, what
Aum. Good mother be co
Then my poore life must answe

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